Wirrn Dawn

[Part One]

GRANDFATHER: The dawn was near. No one knew why it always happened at dawn, but that was the way it used to be. The way of nature. The way it had to be.
(Faint chittering and a slight whimpering.)
GRANDFATHER: The way it had to be.
(Scream. Then a young man awakes from a nightmare. It's Daniel Anthony, aka Clyde Langer, SJA.)
DELONG: Help! Not again.
SALWAY: I couldn't have put it better meself, mate. Wet the bed again?
DELONG: Shut it, Salway. It's just hot in here.
SALWAY: Yeah, take a shower, mate.
TANNOY: Attention all troopers. Attention all troopers.
SALWAY: Here we go.
(An American woman comes on the tannoy.)
FARROLL [OC]: This is Admiral Farroll. We are approaching Carista Seven orbit. GalSecLand has issued orders to the fleet to make a full scale attack. This is it. Make ready, people, it's payback time.
(Cheers.)
SALWAY: Yes! Come on.
FARROLL [OC]: Unit Two, when we drop you down on the surface, make every shot count. Good luck.
SALWAY: Yes, yes! You'll have to skip your shower, Delong. Hey, maybe your stink will scare the bugs away. (laughs) That's funny.

(Tardis materialises. Door opens.)
LUCIE: Right, no. No way.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Oh, she's got a face on. What's the matter with you?
LUCIE: Oh, come on now, you promised me.
DOCTOR: Did I? Promised you what?
LUCIE: The next time we stepped out into a mucky looking space shipy kind of place, we'd go straight back inside the Tardis and leave. So come on, let's go.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: It's not that mucky, is it? Muckier that Blackpool?
LUCIE: Oi, watch it, smartypants.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Aren't you even the tiniest bit curious about what all these little pods are?
LUCIE: No.
(Tardis door closes.)
LUCIE: They've got guns on them, and guns mean
TANNOY: General quarters. General quarters.
LUCIE: Oh, no. Trouble! Guns mean trouble. Even you know that, Doctor. Come on, let's go.
DOCTOR: Lucie, get down.
(Gunfire.)

WINSLET: Carista Seven orbit now established. Fleet in position.
FARROLL: Time to drop off point?
WINSLET: Drop off at oh four fifty, one hour and three minutes. All troopers now boarding landing pods.
FARROLL: Very well, Mister Winslet. What's that reading?
WINSLET: Er (flicking switches)
FARROLL: Well?
WINSLET: Not, not sure what to make of it, Admiral.
FARROLL: Well, make something of it as soon as you can, Winslet. It's dissecting our orbital course.
WINSLET: It's not very substantial, whatever it is. Maybe just solar radiation on that starboard scanner again.

SALWAY: Stand here. Admiral, sir.
WINSLET: Salway, what the hell?
FARROLL: Who are these people?
DELONG: Found them in the launch bay, Admiral. Thought it best to
FARROLL: Best to what? Who the hell are you?
LUCIE: Couldn't you just let us go?
FARROLL: I beg your pardon?
LUCIE: You know, go. As in not be here anymore. I wanted to go. I thought I'd persuaded *him* to go. Then your two muscle men here started shooting at us.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Admiral, it's misdirected anger. She's just a bit cross with me. Normally she'd be far more reserved and polite, wouldn't you, Lucie.
FARROLL: Lucie?
SALWAY: Ha. Sounds like an Indig name.
DOCTOR: Indig?
LUCIE: Lucie Miller. And this is the Doctor.
FARROLL: You're a medic? Why aren't you in uniform?
DOCTOR: Er, well, yes, er, that is an interesting question. Actually
(Boom! Everyone cries out.)
LUCIE: Chuffing hell. What was that?
DOCTOR: Noisy neighbours.
FARROLL: Winslet, what's going on?
WINSLET: Impact on the starboard hull. Getting signals from throughout the fleet, Admiral.
FARROLL: What kind of signals, Mister Winslet?
WINSLET: Multiple impacts. Almost every ship reports the same.
(Running feet.)
LUCIE: Bad noise?
DOCTOR: Very bad.
WINSLET: Eighty percent pressure loss in lower starboard hull section.
FARROLL: What the hell's causing it?
DOCTOR: The enemy? Just a suggestion.
FARROLL: Shut up! Winslet, what shape are we in?
DELONG: Those damn bugs must have seen us coming somehow.
LUCIE: Bugs? Bugs in space?
WINSLET: Repair drones can't hack it. We're going to lose hull cohesion.
FARROLL: Give me a visual of the damage.
DOCTOR: (sotto) We've got to get back to the Tardis.
LUCIE: (sotto) No arguments from me.
FARROLL: Damn it.
WINSLET: Admiral?
FARROLL: Abandon ship. Call it!
WINSLET: Abandon ship. All hands, abandon ship.
(Klaxon.)
COMPUTER: Abandon ship. Abandon ship.
FARROLL: Escape pods, now! With me.
WINSLET: What about these two?
(Chittering noise.)
DOCTOR: Watch out behind you.
FARROLL: There's a bug from space. Move, Winslet. Move!
DOCTOR: Don't let it touch you!
(Winslet screams.)
DELONG: Open fire. Salway, fire!
(Rapid gunfire.)
LUCIE: That thing. You know, don't you.
DOCTOR: That's a Wirrn. Run, Lucie. Run!

(Running.)
LUCIE: I think it was this way. Where did the others go?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I thought it was that way.
LUCIE: Oh, great. We've hardly got time to split up and compare notes, have we?
DOCTOR: This ship has only but minutes to live.

LUCIE: We should get into spacesuits or something, shouldn't we?
DOCTOR: Ideally, yes.
LUCIE: Emergency locker. Look.
DOCTOR: Brilliant. Ingenious.
(Locker opens.)
LUCIE: Spacesuits. Yes!
DOCTOR: Bingo. Come on, I'll help you put yours on.
LUCIE: I think I know my way round a spacesuit by now, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I suppose you do, don't you. You're becoming quite a seasoned adventuress, Miss Miller.
LUCIE: Seasoned enough to know that that wind means we're about to be sucked out into space.
DOCTOR: Blown. It's blown.
(Lucie speaks through her helmet radio.)
LUCIE: Whichever way, we are in deep trouble, mate.
DOCTOR: Agreed.
(The Doctor now has his helmet on too.)
DOCTOR: Hold on to something. Are you okay?
LUCIE: I'm okay.
DOCTOR: That's this section depressurised, then. So, which way to the Tardis?
LUCIE: Oh no, more bugs!
DOCTOR: This is full scale war. Wirrn and humankind locked in a deadly struggle for survival. When did that happen?
LUCIE: Heavily armed spaceships versus big insects. Not much of a fair fight.
DOCTOR: I'm not so sure. Look at the way the Wirrn are peeling back that bulkhead. We'd better find the Tardis within the next five minutes, or we are on the menu.
LUCIE: Oh my God.
DOCTOR: What is it?
LUCIE: Too late. I've found the Tardis. Look, it's out there. Out in space. The Tardis has fallen out into space. We've lost her.
DOCTOR: Jet packs.
LUCIE: What?
DOCTOR: Please let these spacesuits have jet packs.
LUCIE: Doctor, they're getting really, really close. Okay, they're actually about to kill us now. Doctor?
(Beeps.)
DOCTOR: I've got it. It's like a rip-cord thing. Feel it? On the left side.
LUCIE: Okay. I pull this then we fly to safety?
DOCTOR: We'll fly past this lot at least.
LUCIE: Then what?
DOCTOR: One thing at a time. Survival first, questions later. After three. You ready?
LUCIE: Er no, but yes.
DOCTOR: Three!
(Lucie screams.)
DOCTOR: Hold on tight, hold tight.

LUCIE: Oh blimey, Charley.
(Distant booms, nearer musical beeps.)
LUCIE: Eh? Oh no. Doctor? What's happened?
COMPUTER: Emergency jet pack fuel cell expired.
LUCIE: Doctor? Doctor! I've run out of petrol. I've stopped! Hello? Hello, where are you? Hello? I can't see the Tardis. Can you hear me? I can't see the. All I can see is. Oh my God. Oh my God, Doctor. Doctor, where the hell are you? What? Doctor, is that you?
DOCTOR [OC]: It's all right, Lucie. Can you hear me?
LUCIE: Why are you headbutting me with your helmet?
DOCTOR [OC]: Can you hear me?
LUCIE: Just about. What's the matter with you? Why can't I hear you properly?
DOCTOR [OC]: You've somehow managed to switch your suit radio off.
LUCIE: Eh? I can't hear you.
DOCTOR [OC]: The blue button.

LUCIE: Blue button? Did you say blue button?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. Blue button. Just below your visor.
LUCIE: Below what?
DOCTOR [OC]: You must have knocked it.
LUCIE: Knocked what?
DOCTOR [OC]: The blue button.
LUCIE: Knocked the blue button? What blue button?
DOCTOR [OC]: Hit it with your chin. The blue button.
LUCIE: Oh, that blue button. Hit it with my chin?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes!
LUCIE: Okay, here goes.
(Beep! Now they communicate via radio.)
DOCTOR: Can you hear me now?
LUCIE: (panicking) Yeah. Oh, thank God for that. But we've run out of fuel and there's no sign of the Tardis anywhere. It must have just drifted off into space. I mean, it could be bleedin' miles away by now.
DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right, it's all right.
LUCIE: Well it flaming isn't all right, is it. I mean, we're just stuck out here, and look at all that. Look at it. It's like, like some kind of bleedin' nightmare. Spaceships blowing up all over the place, thousands of people falling through space, and those Wirrn bug things slicing them up. Oh, I can't bear to look at it. Doctor, it's horrible.
DOCTOR: I know, I know, I know, I know. Human history can be pretty ugly sometimes.
LUCIE: What about *our* history? Yours and mine. How ugly is that gonna get? We're out of fuel, and I'm guessing the air in these things won't last for ever. Eh, what's that?
VOICE [OC]: Mayday, mayday, mayday. The fleet is lost. We're under attack. We need assistance. (static)
LUCIE: Oh my God.
DOCTOR: We're picking up distress transmissions from those ships.
LUCIE: And we can't do a thing to help them. It's going to be a massacre, innit?
DOCTOR: On both sides. Look. Some of the landing pods are making it down to that planet. My guess is the slaughter will continue down there.
LUCIE: There must be a chance of one of them pods picking us up.
DOCTOR: No need.
LUCIE: No need? Hey, have you got something up your sleeve?
DOCTOR: Only the Tardis key, and it's not actually up my sleeve. I managed to put it in one of these outer pocket things.
LUCIE: Oh, great. What good's that gonna do us? The Tardis is gone, and all we can do is float around until we run out of air.
DOCTOR: Gone, but not forgotten.
LUCIE: What are you going on about?
DOCTOR: I saw her earlier, actually, spiralling down to the planet. She should breach the atmosphere on her next orbit.
LUCIE: How does that help us?
DOCTOR: Well, it means that we should catch sight of her any moment. In fact, she should be coming round the horizon any minute.
LUCIE: Yeah?
DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE: And even if she had come over the horizon, how the heck would we get to here.
DOCTOR: Now! There she blows. Lucie, I'm sorry I didn't have time to teach you how to turn your jet pack off, but I figured that you could hold on to me.
LUCIE: You saved some fuel! You jammy beggar. You are a genius.
DOCTOR: It all comes down to pressing buttons in the end.
LUCIE: So we just zoom over to the Tardis, open the door, get inside and go.
DOCTOR: Indeed we do. Hold on to me tightly, Miss Miller, and brace yourself.
LUCIE: And. Oh, nothing.
DOCTOR: What? What's the matter?
LUCIE: And I suppose there's nothing we can do to help all those poor people.
DOCTOR: Well, we didn't cause any of this.
LUCIE: I know, but
DOCTOR: I know what you mean, Lucie. I really do. But I think we've landed in the middle of

one of the human race's bloodiest periods of history.
LUCIE: You've been here before?
DOCTOR: Not exactly. But I've heard of the GalSec colonists. Long after the evacuation of Earth, they forged out into space, and there were many battles to fight for survival.
LUCIE: Does it always have to be a battle, wherever we go?
DOCTOR: Survival can be a messy business. And trying to do anything here would be like standing up and calling for a cease fire on the Somme.
LUCIE: You mean we'd just get our heads blown off.
DOCTOR: Or worse.
LUCIE: I don't even want to think about worse than getting me head blown off. Okay, you've convinced me. Let's go.
DOCTOR: Okay. This is it. Hold on.
LUCIE: Whoa!
DOCTOR: Would you mind not shouting in my ear?
(Flapping sound.)
DOCTOR: Argh!
LUCIE: What was that?
DOCTOR: Lucie, hang on!

(Beeping.)
DELONG: That's it. I've got them on the line.
SALWAY: What the hell were they doing, jet packing, anyway.
DELONG: Hauling them in now. They're in the airlock. Sealing outer door.
FARROLL: What, what's happening? Are we under attack? Oh.
SALWAY: It's all right, ma'am. We're just picking up survivors.
(Bangs on hatch.)
SALWAY: You two all right in there?
DELONG: Salway, the airlock's sealed.
SALWAY: Just checking. A bug might have got in there with them.
DELONG: Satisfied? Now open the door. They might need help.
SALWAY: Huh. We all need help, buddy. Especially me, stuck in here with you.
(Airlock opens.)
DOCTOR: Er, I don't want to appear ungrateful, but we really didn't need rescuing.
LUCIE: Oh, the muscleheads.
SALWAY: I don't believe it. Those two
(Farroll groans in pain.)
LUCIE: Isn't that your Admiral?
DELONG: She ran into a bug just as we were getting into the pod.
SALWAY: Yeah.
DELONG: Looks nasty.
SALWAY: Yeah, well, at least we blew the sucker to pieces. You should have seen it, massive, great big thing
DELONG: You said you were a medic, didn't you?
DOCTOR: Well, I er
DELONG: Can you do anything for her?
LUCIE: She looks in a pretty bad way, Doctor.
(Thud! Everyone gasps.)
LUCIE: That don't sound right.
DOCTOR: The Admiral's injuries are going to have to wait. It sounds like we've got more immediate problems.
DELONG: Damn, it's that auto-stabiliser. I told you it was frazzed.
SALWAY: Look, Delong, it's not my fault we hit a pile of debris getting out the launch bay!
DELONG: Debris and a pack of Wirrn. If you could have steered straight
DOCTOR: Never mind that. If your stabiliser's on the blink, we won't hit the planet's atmosphere at the right angle, which means we'll burn up, so show me the controls and I'll see what I can do.
SALWAY: Since when did medics have pilots licenses?
LUCIE: He's great with spaceships. You should see him.
SALWAY: Who asked you, Nurse Indig?
LUCIE: What's all this Indig stuff about?

DOCTOR: Delong, is it?
DELONG: Yeah. What?
DOCTOR: May I take the helm?
DELONG: Be my guest.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see the problem. Right, hold tight everyone. Strap in. This is going to be a bumpy ride.
(Farroll screams in pain.)
LUCIE: It's okay. The Doctor's going to make everything all right.
FARROLL: Who are you? Aren't you
LUCIE: Shush. It's all right. Just hold still. It's gonna be all right. We're gonna make a difference after all.
COMPUTER: Adjust pitch and yaw immediately
DOCTOR: That's what I'm doing, you stupid computer.
COMPUTER: Adjust pitch and yaw immediately
SALWAY: You must be mad, letting an Indig fly this thing.
DOCTOR: What is all this Indig business, Delong?
DELONG: Why ask me?
SALWAY: It takes one to know one.
LUCIE: Oh, put a sock in it.
DOCTOR: This is it.
LUCIE: You can do it, Doctor. I know you can.
(The pod hurtles through the atmosphere and lands.)

QUEEN: I feel it. The future. Survival for our species. Yes, yes. Now.

DOCTOR: Not long till dawn. Just moonlight for now.
LUCIE: Thanks, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
LUCIE: We're still in one piece.
DOCTOR: Just about.
SALWAY: Well, you got us down, medic. I'll give you that.
DOCTOR: Oh, you are too kind, Mister?
SALWAY: Salway. Trooper First Class.
DOCTOR: I'm guessing the first class bit didn't involve lessons in basic manners.
SALWAY: Get stuffed, Indig.
LUCIE: Is anyone going to explain these Indig digs or what?
DELONG: You really don't know?
DOCTOR: Humour us.
SALWAY: Sponges, weirdos, no use to anyone.
DELONG: Everyone's heard of the Indigs, Doctor. The original settlers. Came here centuries before GalSec got organised.
DOCTOR: Indig. Ah! Indigenous. Fascinating. And yet, not indigenous.
LUCIE: This place is a mess.
DOCTOR: How many ships in your fleet, Salway?
SALWAY: Our fleet? You mean you're not on our side?
DELONG: Sixty or more. Sixty seven, I think.
SALWAY: Sixty eight. You're forgetting the Repulse. She joined us at Osterus. I bet she made it.
DOCTOR: I think we're probably looking at the remains of most of them.
LUCIE: Er, what's to stop one of those bits of spaceship dropping on us?
DOCTOR: Nothing at all, actually.
LUCIE: Nice. (sotto) Er, have you got any idea where the Tardis might land?
SALWAY: What are you whispering about?
DOCTOR: Nothing. (sotto) Not a clue, I'm afraid.
SALWAY: I'm not sure I trust you two.
DELONG: Oh, for God's sake, Salway.
LUCIE: Oh, my God. Shh. Listen.
(Buzzing noise.)
DOCTOR: Not sounding good.
SALWAY: Bugs. Bugs incoming. Delong, get your weapon.

(Guns powered up.)
SALWAY: Come on. Come and get it.
LUCIE: Er, that sounds like a lot of bugs out there. Are you really going to hold them off with a couple of guns?
SALWAY: Sorry, love. I don't take orders from nurses.
LUCIE: What?
DOCTOR: Well, we can stand here and have an argument. Yes, that's a great idea.
LUCIE: We'll get inside the pod. Let's do that.
DELONG: If there's hundred of them, that won't help. Have you seen how those things cut through steel?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid we have. Come on, people, let's move.

(Farroll groans.)
LUCIE: What are we going to do, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Survive, I hope.
SALWAY: I can see 'em, outside. They're right on top of us.
DOCTOR: Not quite yet, or we'd know about it.
DELONG: We've got a gun turret on the roof. We could
LUCIE: One gun? That won't be enough, Delong. I can see them this side as well, Doctor. They're all around us, hundreds of them.
DOCTOR: I know, I know, I know. Now, let me see.
SALWAY: Here they come!
(Boom.)
DOCTOR: Hold on, everyone. Hold on.
LUCIE: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: I'm diverting power from the main battery.
FARROLL: Open fire. Open fire! Abandon ship.
DOCTOR: Lucie, look after her.
LUCIE: I'm not a bleedin' nurse!
DOCTOR: No, I. Do your best. We don't want her any more hurt than she already is.
LUCIE: Okay.
(Boom!)
DOCTOR: Right, this should do the trick.
SALWAY: What are you trying to do with that cable, electrocute us?
DOCTOR: Not us. Right, everyone rip all the seat padding off and put it in the centre of the decking. Now. Come on, move. Do it.
DELONG: They're through. Get back! Get back, you filthy
DOCTOR: Never mind that, get on the padding everyone, now.
LUCIE: Why do we have to?
DOCTOR: It'll insulate us from the charge.
SALWAY: Charge? But
DOCTOR: The moment I touch the wall with this cable, it'll electrify the hull. The Wirrn aren't going to like that one bit. Everyone clear?
ALL: Clear!
DOCTOR: Don't touch anything metal. Keep on the padding. Here we go.
(Fizz! Wirrn screams.)
LUCIE: It's working. They're running away!
SALWAY: She's right. Doc, it's working.
LUCIE: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right.
(Fizzing stops.)
DOCTOR: That should do it for now.
DELONG: How much juice did you use?
DOCTOR: Nearly all of it.
LUCIE: But the Wirrn don't know that, right?
DOCTOR: That's what I'm hoping.
SALWAY: They've gone. They've really gone!
DOCTOR: I imagine they'll be back.

QUEEN: Ah, there is a wise one amongst them. Rising intelligence, burning intelligence. He could be a threat.

(Pod door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: It's getting light.
LUCIE: And what a sight.
DOCTOR: Bodies, wreckage, right to the horizon.
SALWAY: Look what they've done. (spits) Damn bugs. They're going to pay for this.
LUCIE: Haven't they already? There's as many dead Wirrn out there as there are people.
DOCTOR: Haven't you tried negotiation?
DELONG: You've got to be kidding me. They're animals! You can't reason with them. All they want to do is kill.
DOCTOR: Is that what happened? They just came here and started killing?
SALWAY: Not just here on Carista Seven. All over GalSec territory.
DOCTOR: GalSec territory.
SALWAY: Where're you two from?
LUCIE: What did you do, put little flags up so they'd know not to come here?
DELONG: Got to keep them out. They're monsters! They, they're a plague. They stripped whole planets clean of crops and cattle, left our people starving.
DOCTOR: Cattle. Senseless herbivores were the hosts for our hatchlings.
LUCIE: You've met them before, haven't you.
DOCTOR: Yes. Wirrn use other lifeforms as gestation hosts.
LUCIE: If that means what I think it does, that's disgusting.
DOCTOR: It's a pattern repeated all over the universe, Lucie. Even on Earth, the ichneumon wasp lays her eggs inside living caterpillars. When the grubs hatch, they eat the caterpillar from the inside out. Life takes many forms, and the Wirrn inherit the race memory and intelligence from the hosts of their swarm leaders. If their Queens were born from cattle, they'll have severely limited brainpower.
LUCIE: Bugs with the brains of cows, you mean?
DOCTOR: That's about it.
(Farroll groans.)
LUCIE: That Admiral woman's not sounding any better, is she.
DOCTOR: I'm going to see if she's all right.
SALWAY: Yeah, make yourself useful.
DELONG: Thanks, Doctor.

LUCIE: She needs a hospital, and fast, doesn't she.
DOCTOR: Admiral? Admiral, it's the Doctor. Can you hear me?
FARROLL: Doctor? You. What the hell are you doing here?
DOCTOR: Tell me about the Wirrn that attacked you.
FARROLL: I didn't, argh, didn't exactly have conversation with it. Oh!
LUCIE: What are you getting at, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That wound looks nasty. Needs a better dressing.
LUCIE: Looks like they've already raided the first aid box. Oh, these look like bandages, yeah?
DOCTOR: Self-sealing, too. Good. Just wrap them round. And that thing will help with the pain. Now, let me.
(Hiss of hypo.)
DOCTOR: There.
LUCIE: What's going to help us?
DOCTOR: Well, if these people are to have any chance, we need more power, and we need to find other survivors, maybe a pod that works, transmitter. And that all means we need to go out looking.
LUCIE: She can't be moved. We can't leave her here on her own, can we? I mean, what if those Wirrn come sniffing again?
DOCTOR: Yes, what indeed?

LUCIE: Look, just listen.
SALWAY: And who put you in command, anyway?
LUCIE: His braincell count, for starters.
DOCTOR: I was just making a suggestion

DELONG: And it was a good suggestion.
SALWAY: Oh yeah? And since when was it up to you, Indig?
DELONG: Salway, I've had just about enough of you.
(Gun powers up.)
LUCIE: Whoa, whoa, guys. There's no need for the so macho show.
SALWAY: Ooo, what you gonna do, Delong, eh? Shoot me? You haven't got the guts.
DOCTOR: Don't rise to it, Delong. If we're going to survive
DELONG: Shut up! Everyone just shut up!
DOCTOR: Well, I'd say that us all shut up for you.
DELONG: Now, I'm senior here.
SALWAY: What? You're just a grunt like me.
DOCTOR: He's a grunt with three service merit stripes over his top pocket.
SALWAY: You get those for just turning up.
LUCIE: But he's got three and you've got one, Salway. Guess he's been turning up a bit longer than you, then.
(Salway spits.)
LUCIE: Nice.
DELONG: So we do as the Doctor says. Two of us stay here, two of us go out looking for survivors and supplies. Salway, you'll stay here with Lucie.
LUCIE: Oh, great. Great.
DELONG: Don't worry. Salway needs looking after.
LUCIE: Oh sure. Bet he's a right old softie on the inside.
DELONG: Doctor, you're the one with all the smart talk, so you can come with me. Let's go. (footsteps.) Doctor, come on.
SALWAY: Ooo. A fond farewell, no less. (makes kissing noises.)
DOCTOR: Lucie.
LUCIE: Yeah, I know.
DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE: I dunno. You're just going to say something nice and reassuring, aren't you.
DOCTOR: I suppose I was.
LUCIE: No need, mate. Listen, just tell me one thing. That you're going to find the Tardis.
DOCTOR: That's the idea. And just remember, you've only got enough juice in the battery for one more shock to the hull. So if the Wirrn come back
LUCIE: Choose me moment well, yeah.
DOCTOR: But it won't come to that.
LUCIE: Sure. Go on, get going. Good hunting.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Footsteps recede.)
LUCIE: And don't be out late. (sotto) And hurry back, Doctor. Hurry back.

QUEEN: Wirrn, Wirrn, Wirrn, the time approaches. The way of nature as it used to be. The wise one, he is leaving, leaving these, the female for us.

[Part Two]

QUEEN: It is as it always was.

LUCIE: So, you and Delong, you don't get on, do you?
SALWAY: You're quick.
LUCIE: Anything in particular you don't like about him, or is it just the racist thing?
SALWAY: What? Just shut up. What the hell do you know, anyway?
LUCIE: Oh, I don't know. Never judge a book by its cover? I knew a ten foot tall centipede thing once. Turned out to be a nice bloke.
SALWAY: Are you still talking?
LUCIE: Yeah, I am, actually.
SALWAY: Well, don't.
LUCIE: You don't fool me, Salway, with your macho behaviour and your tattoos. I've seen a lot of scared people in my time with the Doctor. A lot.
(Gun powered up.)
LUCIE: Ooo, what you gonna do, shoot me?

SALWAY: I ain't scared.
LUCIE: Well, you should be. Nothing wrong with being scared. But you've got to keep a lid on it, stay in control. I don't want you freaking out if we get attacked. I need you, and that big gun of yours.
SALWAY: Oh? You know, you say the nicest things, lady.
LUCIE: Ha, ha.
SALWAY: What's the deal with you and that Doctor, anyway?
LUCIE: I wasn't flirting with you, you know.
SALWAY: Oh, that serious, is it?
LUCIE: It's not like that. Not that it's any of your business.
SALWAY: What is it like?
LUCIE: We're just, we trust each other. I mean, like in the sort of way I've never trusted anyone before. He's different. He's something better than the rest of us.
SALWAY: Sounds like you're heading for a fall, darling.
LUCIE: What's that supposed to mean?
SALWAY: You've got him on a pedestal, your Doctor friend. You'd better be careful he doesn't fall off.
LUCIE: Like I'll be coming to you for advice on people.
SALWAY: Oh, I'm no expert, darling, I know that. But everyone lets you down sooner or later.
LUCIE: Sure you're not talking about yourself, Salway?
SALWAY: It's human nature.
LUCIE: Well, the Doctor's not human.
SALWAY: He walks, he talks, he looks human to me.
LUCIE: Like I said, never judge a book by its cover.
SALWAY: I haven't read a book since school, but the way I remember it, the cover pretty much told you everything you needed to know.
LUCIE: Very clever.
SALWAY: Now, back off, stop bending my ear.
LUCIE: (sighs) You know, I've got that funny feeling we're being watched. Have you?
SALWAY: What? Oh, shut up.
LUCIE: Just get your big gun out and look macho. Maybe you'll scare the bugs off.
SALWAY: Eh?
LUCIE: Ooo, not looking so macho now, are we, Salway?

(Whirr of autofocus motor.)
DOCTOR: You see anything?
DELONG: Maybe. I dunno. Up to the left, a long way off. Something catching the sun.
DOCTOR: That could be a pod.
DELONG: Want to take a look?
DOCTOR: Thanks. Hmm.
DELONG: Even if we do find something, something to get us off Carista or to call for help, well, if that mess up there was even half as bad as it looked, it's gonna be quite a while before help comes.
DOCTOR: Maybe, maybe.
DELONG: There's something you're not telling me.
DOCTOR: Is there? And what about you? What about this Indig stuff?
DELONG: Let's get moving.
DOCTOR: Walk and talk suits me fine. So you're an Indig.
DELONG: Oh no, I'm not. I know that much.
DOCTOR: How?
DELONG: Salway was kind of right. Takes one to know one. The GalSec lot, they call anyone they don't like an Indig. Anyone who doesn't fit in. It's a by-word for scrounger, criminal, murderer even. But I know the look in the eye.
DOCTOR: But you work with the GalSec people. You're one of them now.
DELONG: That's the way I want to see it. Then someone gets wind of who my father's father was and it's stinking Indig pig all the way.
DOCTOR: Who was your grandfather?
DELONG: One of the last colony bosses. Man, the stories he used to tell me when I was a kid.
DOCTOR: What sort of stories?
DELONG: Weird stuff about the old colonies. They lived like, well, like peasants. Farmers. It

was primitive, raw, starvation. Tough life, you know.
DOCTOR: I can imagine.
DELONG: Yeah, I bet you can. I bet you can.
DOCTOR: Did the Indigs have any trouble with the Wirrn?
DELONG: No.
DOCTOR: None?
DELONG: No trouble.
DOCTOR: How come?
DELONG: Down!
(Gunfire.)
DOCTOR: Must be your people. The Wirrn don't use guns.
DELONG: Over there.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no.
DELONG: We've got to do something.
DOCTOR: Delong, there's nothing you can do.
DELONG: Those people!
DOCTOR: They're outnumbered.
DELONG: We can't just
DOCTOR: You'll just get yourself killed. What good would that do?
DELONG: What good does any of this do? They keep coming back, don't they? Keep coming back. We'll never get rid of them.
(Gunfire and screams.)

LUCIE: Salway. Salway! Did you hear that?
SALWAY: What? Hear what?
LUCIE: I thought. I dunno.
(Gun powers up.)
SALWAY: I heard that all right. Where are they?
LUCIE: Over there! Hundreds of them! Back to the pod. Salway, come on!
SALWAY: (firing gun) Bugs! Come and get it, bugs!
LUCIE: Salway, move your big stupid backside!

SALWAY: Where's that electrical cable the Doctor was using?
LUCIE: Not yet. We've got to wait until they're on top of us. Remember, there's hardly any power left.
SALWAY: But they *are* right on top of us!
LUCIE: Just shut up, and get on that seat padding with your Admiral.
FARROLL: What's happening?
LUCIE: Hold on tight. Here they come!
SALWAY: They're getting in! For God's sake, Lucie, electrocute them!
LUCIE: Wait for it, wait for it. Right, three, two, one!
(Fizz! Wirrn screams.)
SALWAY: They've gone. They've gone! Oh, thank God, they've gone.
LUCIE: And so's the power.
(Farroll groans.)
FARROLL: Wirrn. Wirrn.
LUCIE: We'd better take a look at her wounds. Probably needs a new dressing on them.
SALWAY: What? Oh, yeah. You'd better do that.
LUCIE: Oh, you're such a big wuss, Salway. Here, let me take a look.
(Farroll screams.)
LUCIE: Oh, my God. That's really horrible.
SALWAY: Oh, you're telling me.
FARROLL: You must, you must.
LUCIE: It's all right, love. It's all right. I'll give you something for the pain and
FARROLL: No, kill me. Kill me!

DOCTOR: Sounds like the battle's over.
DELONG: No sign of movement. Who do you think won?
DOCTOR: Mutually assured destruction. One of the human race's favourite concepts, as I recall.

DELONG: Come on, follow me. There may be survivors.
(Footsteps.)

(Whispering.)
DOCTOR: Delong.
DELONG: What?
DOCTOR: Stop a minute.
(Chittering sound.)
DOCTOR: What is that?
DELONG: Oh, no.
DOCTOR: That's what caught the sun earlier. Some kind of metal structure. But what's that Wirrn doing?
DELONG: It's got one of the survivors, and it's not going to do anything.
(Gun powers up.)
DOCTOR: Wait, Delong. You'll hit that man if you open fire from this distance.
DELONG: I know.
(Fires. Distant scream.)
DELONG: No!
DOCTOR: That wasn't necessary.
DELONG: Yes. Yes, it was.
DOCTOR: Why? What was going on. Delong?
DELONG: Take a look. Go on. Go and see, and then tell me you still think it wasn't necessary to kill them.

(Farroll is still screaming.)
LUCIE: Shush, shush, shush, it's all right.
SALWAY: Just shut her up, will you?
LUCIE: Oh, you're just full of compassion, aren't you. She's in a lot of pain. I think these wounds have gone septic, look.
SALWAY: I don't wanna look.
FARROLL: Argh! Kill me!
SALWAY: Look, if you don't shut her up, she's going to have every Wirrn for a hundred miles down on top of us.
LUCIE: Oh, shut up! It's not like they don't already know where we are.
SALWAY: Don't tell me to shut up!

DELONG: See? See what that bug was doing.
DOCTOR: This looks like some kind of, I don't know, a sacrificial altar. The Wirrn had this soldier bound to it. I'm not sure.
DELONG: Oh, you can be sure, all right. It was trying to do what they always did, like in my grandfather's day.
DOCTOR: Go on.
DELONG: It was barbaric. My people, the Indigs, they were savages. Human sacrifices.
DOCTOR: Your people used this altar to sacrifice one of their own to the Wirrn?
DELONG: Every season, my grandfather told me. They would call the Wirrn by bowing a metal shard across the altar. The Wirrn would hear it and come, thirsty for blood.
DOCTOR: And that's what your grandfather told you?
DELONG: He was an old fool, half demented. He said he was proud of what they did, proud of the way it used to be, the way of nature.

GRANDFATHER: The dawn was near. No one knew why it always happened at dawn, but that was the way it used to be. The way of nature.
(Faint chittering and a slight whimpering.)
GRANDFATHER: The way it had to be.
(A man screams.)

DOCTOR: I see. Delong?
DELONG: What?
DOCTOR: Did you ever wonder why your grandfather said he was proud?

DELONG: I told you, he was, he was a very old man. Hardly ever made any sense.
DOCTOR: Oh, I think he and his people were making a lot of sense under very difficult circumstances.
DELONG: What are you saying?
DOCTOR: You said your grandfather's people never fought the Wirrn. Is that true?
DELONG: It's what he used to say, yeah.
DOCTOR: I think I know why. You see. Wait a minute, what's that?

(Farroll screams.)
SALWAY: I said, shut her up.
LUCIE: Do these Wirrn inject poison when they attack?
SALWAY: Eh?
LUCIE: Only the wound's gone all green, like
SALWAY: What?
LUCIE: Wait a minute. Oh, my God.
SALWAY: What?
LUCIE: It's spreading!
SALWAY: What's spreading?
LUCIE: The green, it's spreading all over her.
FARROLL: My, my argh.
LUCIE: No.
SALWAY: What is it? What's she say?
LUCIE: I don't know, but I've just had a really nasty thought. Something the Doctor said.
FARROLL: My people. My race.
SALWAY: What? What did he say?
LUCIE: The Wirrn use other races as their gestation hosts.
SALWAY: You mean, the Admiral has bugs inside her?
FARROLL: I can feel it. Argh!
SALWAY: The bug that attacked her laid an egg in her?
FARROLL: Oh, the future.
LUCIE: Something like that, but maybe we can
FARROLL: We. Survival for our species.
(Gun power up.)
SALWAY: Right, that's it.
LUCIE: Salway, what are you doing? No!
SALWAY: She's gonna turn into a bug, isn't she. She's one of them.
LUCIE: Look, I'm only guessing. I don't know that for sure. We have got to wait until the Doctor gets back.
SALWAY: The Doctor? Ha. He's probably already dead.
LUCIE: No way.
SALWAY: Out there roaming somewhere with that useless Indig for company, what chance did he have?
LUCIE: Yeah, and you've been a lot of help, Salway.
SALWAY: Shut up. Get out of the way. She's got to die before
LUCIE: Salway, you are not thinking straight. Now just, you know, get a bleedin' hold of yourself, mate. You can't shoot her in cold blood.
FARROLL: The survival of my species!
SALWAY: Oh, can't I?
LUCIE: No. No, stop it!
(Struggle.)
SALWAY: Get off me, or I'll shoot you too.
LUCIE: You big Ah! My arm! You bleedin' shot me in the arm!
SALWAY: I'm sorry. I told you I would. I'm sorry. You got in the way. Anyway, it's just a scratch.
LUCIE: It may be, but it bleedin' hurts. Oh!
(Gun powers up again.)
SALWAY: Now move.
LUCIE: No. No, it isn't right. You can't just kill her. Salway!
(Salway screams. Wirrn chittering.)
LUCIE: Oh, hello. Where did you spring from? Oh, I see you brought your mates with you. Nice. Don't suppose there's any use pointing out I tried to save this lady one of you lot laid an egg in?

No, didn't think so. Ah! Get away from me. Sorry, just, you know, I'm sorry. I'm sorry you are having a war with the humans, but, you know, I'm new here. It's nothing to do with me, honest. And I used to be great friends with a centipede, if that's any help. What's that noise? Do you lot recognise it? Hey, where are you going? Where? Not that I'm ungrateful. Pretty glad you've gone, actually.
FARROLL: You.
LUCIE: God! You frightened the life out of me.
FARROLL: You.
LUCIE: Look, it's all right. If we can find the Doctor, he'll know what to do. I hope.
FARROLL: You saved me from, from the other human.
LUCIE: Other human?
(Boom!)
LUCIE: Whoa! What the hell's happening now? Oh, my God. This is it! They're gonna crush us!

(Metal being scraped along metal.)
DELONG: Okay, stop that. Stop that now.
DOCTOR: Why? Isn't this what your grandfather's people used to do? Seemed to solve all their problems.
DELONG: What are you going to do, sacrifice yourself to the Wirrn?
DOCTOR: I hope not.
DELONG: You're going to sacrifice me, is that it? To save your own neck?
DOCTOR: No, I'm not going to sacrifice you, Delong. (gun powers up) You really going to shoot me? I don't think you are.
DELONG: Don't put me to the test, Doctor.
(Metal thrown aside.)
DOCTOR: Humans.
(Gun powered down.)
DOCTOR: All right. It was pretty heavy work, anyway, and I think they'll have heard me by now.
DELONG: Who? The Wirrn?
DOCTOR: The Wirrn. It's starting to get dark again, isn't it.
DELONG: You wanted them to hear you?
DOCTOR: Of course. I think they'll have enough of a race memory to remember that sound, and remember that it was a good thing.
DELONG: Yeah, good for them. Not for us, you idiot. What was that?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Oh, well, I know what *that* is.
DELONG: You've done it. You've really gone and done it. Brought the whole Wirrn swarm down on top of us.
DOCTOR: Yes, but what's that other noise?
(A rumbling noise.)

LUCIE: Argh! Oi, if you're going to crush us, just get on with it! Hasn't anyone ever told you not to play with your food? Argh! Here, wait a minute, we're moving. They're dragging us along. Hey! Where are you taking us? Oi! Oh, I'm getting travel sick, and my arm hurts.

DOCTOR: I'd put that gun down. I don't think it's going to do any good against this lot.
DELONG: I could take a good few of them with me before I die.
DOCTOR: You could, or you could be wise, like your grandfather.
DELONG: How was he wise, sacrificing one of his own to those monsters every season. The Indigs were nothing more than barbarians. I'm not proud of them.
DOCTOR: Perhaps. But they were survivors, and one of the GalSec colonists. I'd say they were heading for extinction if they continued to fight the Wirrn. And I don't think your grandfather was talking about a simple case of sacrifice.
DELONG: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Let me try something. Wirrn! Wirrn! This is the way it used to be. The way of nature.
(The Wirrn stop.)
DELONG: But, but, what the hell's going on?
DOCTOR: It's what your granddad used to say, isn't it? I think that's a phrase they used in the ceremony. And the Wirrn still remember it. It's in the race memory.
(Banging on metal)
LUCIE [OC]: Oi! Oi!

DOCTOR: So that's what that noise was.
LUCIE [OC]: What are you doing out there?
DOCTOR: Look, they've dragged the pod all the way here!
LUCIE [OC]: Oi!
DOCTOR: Wirrn, will you let my friend out of there, please?
(Chittering back and forth.)
DELONG: What does that mean? Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
DELONG: I don't like the sound of it.
DOCTOR: Can't say I do, either.
DELONG: Sounds like they're going to attack.
DOCTOR: Now what?
DELONG: Oh, God. Look at the size of that thing!
DOCTOR: That'll be a Wirrn Queen, I'm guessing.
QUEEN: You are right, wise one. You understand much, as does your female friend.
DELONG: What does he understand?
DOCTOR: That the Wirrn absorb the intelligence of their host species.
DELONG: Host?
DOCTOR: It's not pleasant, I grant you. Far from it, in fact. But like a lot of stuff in nature, it kind of works. The Wirrn young gestate inside other species. The host dies, but its intelligence lives on.
DELONG: So?
DOCTOR: Well, I think your granddad's people knew that, Delong. They knew that as long as the Wirrn Queens had the intelligence of a human being, they would know to live in peaceful coexistence with the human colonists. Am I right?
QUEEN: You are right, wise one. And I am the last of those Queens. I am weak, and dying, and have lost control of much of my swarm. The younger Queens who were gestated within senseless herbivores, they have no intelligence, just a determination to survive and wipe out all who threated them.
DOCTOR: And the GalSec people certainly threatened them, didn't they?
QUEEN: They did.
(Banging.)
LUCIE [OC]: Oi! What's going on out there? I can hear voices.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. You mentioned my female friend.
QUEEN: She protected the new Queen.
DELONG: New Queen?
DOCTOR: Of course. Admiral Farroll. She said she was attacked by a particularly large Wirrn. She'll be turning into a new Queen, an intelligent one. Lucie, it's all right!
LUCIE [OC]: Er, it isn't. This thing's rolled over and I can't get out.
DOCTOR: Could you please oblige, your Majesty?
QUEEN: Of course.
(Metal ripping sound. Lucie coughing.)
LUCIE: Blimey, that was worse than a ride in the Tardis on a bad day. Oh, crikey. We're surrounded.
DOCTOR: Just take it easy, Lucie.
LUCIE: Is it safe?
DOCTOR: Move slowly in this direction.
LUCIE: But what about the Admiral? She's in a pretty bad way, Doctor. And you know what you said about all that bug gestating lark?
QUEEN: You protected our new Queen.
LUCIE: Oh my God, it speaks.
DOCTOR: Human intelligence, human language. Keep walking, Lucie. Hey, you all right? You've hurt your arm.
LUCIE: Oh, just a scratch. Hurts like crazy, though.
DELONG: What happened to Salway?
LUCIE: Wirrn got him, just after he tried to shoot me.
DOCTOR: He tried to
LUCIE: He kind of went bonkers, lost his marbles.
DELONG: Not such a tough guy after all.
LUCIE: He tried to shoot the Admiral when he could see she was becoming one of them lot.

DOCTOR: And you stopped him?
LUCIE: Well, yeah. I mean, didn't seem right.
DOCTOR: I'm proud of you, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE: I was only trying to do what I thought you would have done.
QUEEN: We are all grateful to you, Lucie.
LUCIE: Oh, er, you're welcome. No problem. What happens now, Doctor?
QUEEN: Now we wait until the dawn.

(Farroll is still groaning.)
DOCTOR: Admiral. I heard you call out. The others are sleeping. The Wirrn Queen let me in here. Seems she inherited some human compassion, too.
FARROLL: Who, who are you?
DOCTOR: The Doctor. Don't you remember, on your ship?
FARROLL: Oh, I remember, but who are you?
DOCTOR: A friend. That's all, just a friend.
FARROLL: Doctor, I feel, I feel the great blackness rushing in. Rushing in. What does it mean? What's, what's happening to me? What's happening to me? Why does it feel so strange?
DOCTOR: Shh, shh, shh. Shh. There'll be peace soon enough.
FARROLL: Peace? Peace? Peace.
DOCTOR: Yes, I promise. I'm so sorry this happened to you, but soon it will all be over. The dawn is coming.

LUCIE: Oh, how long have I been asleep?
DOCTOR: Quite a few hours.
LUCIE: And guess what? I had this terrible dream that we were sitting on a sacrificial altar surrounded by insects who might eat us at any minute. Ha, ha.
DOCTOR: Perhaps you should wake up. How's your arm? Let me see.
LUCIE: Ow.
DOCTOR: We'll need to look at that properly when we get back to the Tardis.
LUCIE: Are we really gonna?
DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE: Get back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Well, if we do, it'll be in no small part due to your act of heroism in saving Farroll.
LUCIE: You say the nicest things in time of crisis.
DOCTOR: Didn't you know? That's my job.
DELONG: If those bugs try anything, I've got a bullet for each of us.
LUCIE: Nice. I prefer a latte, though. Er, this getting back to the Tardis business. You didn't actually happen to find the Tardis, did you?
DOCTOR: Naturally.
LUCIE: What? You did? Oh, that's fantastic.
DOCTOR: Don't get too excited. It was quite a way off. An hour's walk at least. I spotted it just before I brought you and your Wirrn friends here.
LUCIE: An hour's walk? Right. No chance of making a run for it, then.
DOCTOR: The sun's coming up.
DELONG: The dawn was near. No one knew why it always happened at dawn.
LUCIE: Er, is he all right?
DOCTOR: Just something his grandfather used to say.
LUCIE: Er, sounds like we've got some movement out there, heading this way.
DELONG: They've got the Admiral. They're bringing her to the altar.
(Gun powers up.)
DOCTOR: Stay calm, Delong. I don't think they want to kill us, but if you provoke them the old Wirrn Queen is probably too weak to restrain some of the less intelligent members of her swarm.
QUEEN: You are right again, wise one. But soon that, that will no longer be my responsibility. My time is near.
FARROLL: Argh! The great blackness rushing in.
DELONG: Admiral!
LUCIE: Is she talking about space? The blackness of space?
DOCTOR: Yes. The Admiral is getting in touch with her Wirrn race memory now. Let's hope she retains enough of her human side.

(One last big groan.)
LUCIE: Oh, my God! Look at that! On second thoughts, don't. It's horrible.
FARROLL: It is the dawn. I am the new Wirrn Queen
QUEEN: My work is done. (dies)
LUCIE: So, Admiral, you're in charge now? What's gonna be in your Queen's Speech, eh? Benefit reform? Tax cuts? Mercy to all humans, always a winner.
DELONG: No, this isn't right. You can't think this is right.
DOCTOR: Careful, Delong. It isn't a matter of right and wrong. It's to do with survival. Nature's way, remember?
DELONG: It's disgusting.
DOCTOR: I can assure you that some human behaviour and traditions seem pretty disgusting to other races. It takes all sorts to make a universe, you know. And if you want peace, if you personally want to survive, well, I would start broadening my horizons if I were you.
(Gun powers up.)
DELONG: No!
(Gunfire.)
LUCIE: Delong, for God's sake put that gun down.
DOCTOR: If you fire that gun again and so much as graze a single Wirrn, we are all dead. Is that what you want? Us dead, and an endless war between mankind and the Wirrn?
DELONG: Er, but this is disgusting. That thing ate Farroll. I mean, we can't just let
LUCIE: Aren't you listening to the Doctor?
FARROLL: The dawn was near. No one knew why it always happened at dawn, but that was the way it used to be. The way of nature. The way it had to be.
DELONG: What? (crying) No.
DOCTOR: Those words from your grandfather, they'd been passed down for generations, and the Wirrn learned them too. Those words are in her Wirrn race memory, Delong. Isn't that right, Wirrn Queen?
FARROLL: That is so, wise one.
DOCTOR: There's a bit of hope there, don't you think?
DELONG: Maybe, maybe the Indigs were, I dunno, maybe they were right to do what they did. It meant they survived. My grandfather survived. But, I mean, it's horrific. The GalSecs will never agree to it.
LUCIE: Got to say he's got a point, Doctor. Can't see them offering up sacrifices to become Wirrn.
DOCTOR: You must be aware of that, Wirrn Queen? You'll know from Admiral Farroll's memories how determined and aggressive the GalSec colonists can be.
FARROLL: I know this.
LUCIE: How long before more of them arrive? I mean, like in force, out for revenge, to create another bloodbath.
FARROLL: Then you should leave this place. It is not your fight, and you have helped us.
DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie.
LUCIE: Are you sure this is right? Just, well, leaving them to it?
DOCTOR: No. The older I get, the less sure I am about anything. Perhaps the only truth is survival. Nature's way. Do you want to survive?
LUCIE: Yeah.
DOCTOR: Me too. Delong, you'd better come with us.
DELONG: No.
LUCIE: You're kidding.
DELONG: I have to stay. This is my fight, Doctor. My people worked out a way to live in peace with the Wirrn. Maybe there's another way. Maybe the Admiral, the Queen and I can work out a new way.
DOCTOR: Sounds like your grandfather talking.
DELONG: Yeah. Yeah, maybe it is. He was proud, wasn't he? Maybe I should find something to be proud about.
DOCTOR: That's not a bad aim in life, is it.
LUCIE: How do you feel about it, your Majesty?
FARROLL: I see only two courses. War or peace. Peace means survival. We will listen to this human and find a way.
LUCIE: Well, good luck to you. Both of you. Well, I mean, all of you.
DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie.

(Tardis engines faint in background.)
DOCTOR: Hold still.
LUCIE: Ow! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow. Oh. Ah, that's better.
DOCTOR: There's no charge. Keep the bandage on, though.
LUCIE: Do you think there's any hope the humans will be willing to sort something out with the Wirrn? Oh, that looks fantastic. Oh, I always love that.
DOCTOR: Yes, when the sun rises over the crest of a planet. It's one of those unfathomably beautiful sights, isn't it? Simple yet awesome.
LUCIE: Hey, look. There, what's that? Can you go in closer on it?
DOCTOR: Your wish is my command, Miss Miller.
LUCIE: It's the Wirrn swarm, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Dawn over Carista Seven, and the Wirrn are leaving, out into the great blackness.
LUCIE: Do you think Delong convinced them to go before reinforcements turned up?
DOCTOR: I don't know. But the Wirrn have got a wise new Queen now, and you never know, looks like she might find them some peace.